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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 30, 1904. NUMBER 18

FOR UNITY.

FAME.

A craving thirst for Fame was never mine,
It was enough to dream and go my way;
To seek for fire deep-hidden in my clay
And yearn amain to find one spark divine;
To strive; to suffer; yet to make no sign.
Salute the Fates; and what they willed, obey,
To reck not of tomorrow nor today
And bide in strength, or either storm or shine.

And to that high hope which the Bards have sought,
The Tantalus-fruit which men have miscalled Fame,
I am not urged; but leave my lusty rhyme
As some male foundling through the snow is brought—
To live or die, with or without a name,
Abandoned on the door-step cold of Time.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1904. NUMBER 18

The Open Court for June contains at least two articles that will especially interest UNITY readers: one on Adolph Bastian, "the pioneer in the science of ethnology, who is approaching his seventy-eighth birthday," by Prof. W. H. Carruth of Kansas University, and the very interesting account of "Babism," a new religion come into life in the full light of the nineteenth century, by the editor. Behaism, a Babist cult, has a foothold in Chicago. The editor thinks that "Babism" is to be the future religion of Persia. The cosmopolitanism of Chicago demands that it shall have representatives of all religions. Certainly Chicago proposes to keep up to date; it will not allow any new religion to find it napping.

The Art Institute of Chicago had its origin back in 1866. It has recently rounded out its thirty-eight years by granting diplomas to some fifty young men and women in the various departments. The whole number of students in attendance during the year aggregated 2,504. Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, of the University Congregational church, delivered the address, speaking on "The Second Dimension of Life," viz., art, the laws of harmony and the appreciation of the beautiful; truth, or science, being the first dimension; duty, or religion, the third dimension. For comprehensiveness and general efficiency the Chicago school is justly the pride of the nation as well as of the city.

Chicago has an "Outer Belt Park Commission" consisting of ten members representing the city and county, five members representing the city government, three members each from the southwest and north park commission, and five members representing the County Board. This commission has recently published an address by the President, Henry G. Foreman, of the County Board. The pamphlet is a good missionary document for other cities than Chicago. We learn from it that while Chicago claims to be the second city in America in point of population, it is the seventh city in the acre area of its parks, even Los Angeles and Newark, N. J., exceeding it; and it is the thirty-second in the list of cities of over one hundred thousand in its provision of park acreage for its inhabitants. For instance, Boston has an acre of park for every 46.2 inhabitants; Chicago has an acre of park for every 590.4. This pamphlet also sets forth forcibly the fact that Chicago is a city of working men. One-half of its population are either foreign-born or of foreign-born parents. We cannot go deeper into these suggestive figures, but we hope we have said enough to arouse ethical anxieties, to indicate ethical problems, and to hint at standards of prosperity, purity, and growth too much overlooked.

Alexander R. Piper is a retired captain of the United States army and ex-deputy commissioner of police in the city of New York, who last winter was brought to Chicago by the City Club and was asked to look around and find what he could see concerning the police force of Chicago. He stayed several weeks, and made his report on the 17th of March last. This report is now published by the City Club of Chicago. The first reading of the report is grewsome enough, but a careful study brings joy and justifies a most radical optimism concerning the government of great cities. If, with such a happy-go-lucky, indulgent, non-attentive and, every-once-in-a-while, corrupt police force as we have in Chicago, the city does thrive and does shelter such large aggregations of good people who live pure lives and whose property is reasonably safe, what might not Chicago be with the help of a police force thoroughly disciplined, whose object would be the enforcement rather than the evasion of law! Gambling, prostitution and inebriety, the three despairs of city administration, could be controlled, minimized, and to a large extent abated as a public nuisance, if only the city had a Captain Piper who would be allowed to attend to his work and who would find mayor, council and their executive and judicial associates willing to back them up.

The Chicago Daily Journal is rendering the city noble service in its efforts to expose the practice of the money-loaners who take as security the assignment of future earnings of the small wage earners and charge usurious interest on such lines. The hardships worked upon the worthy poor and the danger of the practice to the community is being set forth by representative citizens, judges and lawyers. Every pulpit in the city ought to join in this work of exposing the iniquitous practice and showing a better way. Millions of American citizens, in the country as well as in Chicago, are having the best years of their lives over-clouded by the horrible mortgage. The best energies and highest purposes are diverted from their legitimate aims by the annual "interest" demands. The man who exacts much of this interest is blame-worthy, but the man who submits to it, nay, solicits it, is more blame-worthy. The one may be a knave; the other is a fool. Much of the unhappiness, the sordidness, the downright meanness of men and women in America today is not only excused but justified on the ground of the "horrible debt" that must be carried, the "interest" that *must be*

paid. Blessed be he who has nothing compared with him who has more, if, alas, that more is mortgaged. That education is deficient which does not awaken in the mind of the child a moral as well as an economic dread of debt. It ought to be written on the walls of every schoolhouse, "Beware of debt as you would of a pestilence! Flee from mortgages, for they destroy peace of mind!"

The True Revival vs. Torreyism.

We have already printed in these columns some extracts from English sources concerning the matter and method of Mr. Torrey, the American Evangelist who seems to find large response to his antiquated theology and lurid methods. We have before us a most significant little book edited by the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, who, we understand, is pastor of a Congregational church at Bradford. The little book is entitled "The True Revival vs. Torreyism." It contains earnest protest by six representative men inside of the so-called "orthodox" churches. Dr. Anderson, of Dundee, writes of "Revival and Intellectual Reaction;" the Rev. Hugh C. Wallace on "The Controversial Method;" Rev. Mr. Sime, of Huddersfield, on "Dr. Torrey's Idea of Eternal Punishment;" Mr. Williams, the editor, on "Dr. Torrey's Treatment of the Bible," while others offer equally earnest protest. We reproduce the preface entire as timely reading on this side of the water as well as on the other.

Dr. Torrey is in many respects the successor of Mr. Moody and hails from Chicago, but he has gained no such power on this side of the Atlantic as he seems to enjoy on the other. We have ordered a few copies of this book from the English publisher, believing that it is well calculated to do missionary work. The price will be duly advertised on receipt of the copies.

The preface runs as follows:

It is under a painful sense of duty that this book is issued. Its editor and contributors would shrink from discouraging any good work. They also dislike controversy which appears to be of a personal nature. But they are convinced that Dr. Torrey's Missions retard greatly the cause of religious progress in three ways:

1. By alienating the thoughtful outside public farther than ever from the churches. In churches generally Dr. Torrey's theories are not held, but the ordinary preaching is not advertised, and thousands of men who left the churches years ago, in revolt against the very theology which Dr. Torrey preaches, do not realize the change that has taken place. When a Torrey-Alexander Mission is organized the idea goes forth that the churches are where they were, and this perpetuates the alienation. Just when the age demands the reconstruction of theology into harmony with knowledge, and many of our best minds are working to present the claims of religion to thoughtful people, it seems to the present writers a most harmful anachronism to organize a mission that calls upon men to surrender reason to the literal authority of a book, and seeks in the most dogmatic manner to tie men down to the bondage of what they consider obsolete opinions. They recognize fully Dr. Torrey's right to hold and preach his faith, but they also think it most important to show the public how far the churches disagree with him.

II. By confirming uninformed people in the churches in traditional notions, and throwing back into bondage of dogmatism the half-emancipated who were beginning to learn the larger thought.

Here the editor and, he believes, his contributors also, have been moved for the sake of others, not their own. Dr. Torrey would do no harm to them and their congregations; they could have well afforded to go on with their own work and take no notice of the mission; it would have been easier and more agreeable to do so, but it would have been a selfish point of view. Convinced that great harm is being done, even if not in their own churches, yet in churches of their own and other Orders, they feel that the time has come for a protest, and they must make it in the wider interest. Dr. Torrey is doubtless preaching what he believes to be the truth; it is his duty so to preach. But it is equally the duty of others to combat his positions if they believe that they misrepresent the truth.

III. By setting up a narrow bigoted standard of judgment upon character. It is undeniable that many people go back to their churches from these Missions full of spiritual conceit in which they look upon others in the church who are often better characters than themselves as unsaved. During the Mission in Bradford, the people have been asked to pray for the sceptics who were opposing the Mission—these sceptics are ministers who have been plodding away for years in earnest and will continue to do so when the passing preachers are gone!

The present Editor has been informed that three young men in Halifax are praying for the seven ministers who signed the Manifesto! The ministers will be no worse, but it is bad for Halifax, and what a calamity for those young men to be so filled with conceit in early life—how difficult it must be to live with them. This is how men catch Dr. Torrey's spirit, who in the most fulsome way expressed his hope that the Unitarian minister in Bristol might be brought to the feet of the Saviour!

Let anyone express disapproval of any of Dr. Torrey's teaching or method, and the postman will bring him proofs enough in anonymous letters of the spirit the Mission produces.

Nor is there compensation for these serious drawbacks in the good effects of the Mission. It does not reach the genuine outsider.

What of the conversions? The great majority mean no good for the after-life. In a midland town not long ago a great Mission wound up with the triumphant declaration of 500 converts. In three months, thirty ministers, after due investigation, declared that these had melted away, and though they all worked with the Mission, they decided never to advocate another. A minister friend of the Editor received seventy converts from a Mission into his church about two years ago; only five remain!

A Bradford minister received the names of four persons who were converted in the Simultaneous Mission; the same four were converted again by Gypsy Smith; and there is little doubt they will be converted a third time by Dr. Torrey. There is a temperament that will always undergo conversion in a time of excitement. It is time to look into these matters. That good results, permanent results, are obtained, no one would deny; but they are infinitesimal compared with the advertised results, and against them must be set the enormous mischief that is done.

Missions get their testimonials much in the same way that patent medicines do—excited patients in moments of temporary exhilaration write them, and though the patients afterwards fall back, the testimonials continue in circulation. For doing real good the churches must depend upon steady constant work in teaching and reform.

The Editor was urged to his present task by brethren in the Ministry, and, before undertaking it, he consulted several men of high standing and repute in the Congregational Ministry, and found a strong conviction that it should be done. He hopes that the book will help the churches to see that in this type of work immense resources are largely wasted, which, if liberated, could be concentrated in other and more necessary directions. It is, he trusts, needless to say that no reflection is cast upon Dr. Torrey's character or sincerity or piety, except so far as his own words and actions constitute such a reflection. That would be to adopt his own controversial methods which are severely censured in this book.

It is only necessary to add that the writers have written independently, and each is responsible only for his own contribution.

Patent Medicines.

We clip the following editorial on "The W. C. T. U. and the Patent Medicine Evil" from the *St. Paul Medical Journal,* in order to help it to a wider circulation, which both subject and treatment deserve:

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, while perhaps not always wise in the methods it has at times adopted in its crusade against alcohol, is beyond question prompted by the best of motives and has accomplished and will continue to accomplish good work. Particularly to be commended is their recognition and frank exposition of the harmfulness of patent medicines. Physicians and the

medical press in general have long been aware and have frequently declared that the majority of patent medicines contain in varying (usually large) quantities alcohol, chloral, opium, cocaine or other harmful drugs; alcohol being the chief ingredient. We are constantly meeting with individuals of the strictest personal virtue, abstinent, perhaps temperance agitators, who proclaim that the cause of all wickedness and evil is liquor, in whose eyes there are few more dreaded crimes than that of taking a drink, either in private or at a public bar, who find it necessary in order to have the strength to carry on their arduous labor to take several daily doses of their favorite 'nerve tonic' or 'health invigorator.' It would probably surprise those persons very much to be told that they were simply indulging in a 'cocktail' composed of bad liquor to which there had been added a little morphine or a little cocaine, or some other drug which gives a pleasurable and stimulating sensation; and yet such is the case. Physicians, we repeat, have long been familiar with these facts but because of the enormous aggregations of capital invested in the patent medicine business all attempts to enact laws restricting the sale of these nostrums or requiring the ingredients to be printed on the label have been defeated. When medical men have sought to promote such legislation, or any legislation directed against the evils of quackery, selfish motives have always been attributed to them and their efforts have been futile. Curiously enough even when medical men have suggested laws seeking to suppress communicable diseases, laws which if enacted and enforced would go far towards the prevention of disease and thus deprive physicians of a large part of their occupation, they have always been regarded with suspicion and have been accused of seeking self interest only.

"Because the medical profession seeks through compulsory vaccination to prevent smallpox it has been accused of advocating vaccination on account of the fees! This is a common accusation among the anti-vaccinationists. We wonder if they ever stopped to think of the millions of dollars which would flow into the pockets of medical men if smallpox should rage as it did in the prevaccination day.

"We have been prompted to these remarks by the pleasure we have derived from the reading of a pamphlet by Mrs. Martha M. Allen, entitled 'The Danger and Harmfulness of Patent Medicines,' and which is being widely circulated by the W. C. T. U. This pamphlet, which is clearly and forcefully written, tells the whole truth in regard to the patent medicine business and tells nothing but the truth. We should be glad to see a copy of it placed in the hands of every man, woman and child in the United States. It is unfortunate that such writings can never be given publicity in the newspapers, but it could hardly be expected that they would print what would give offense to their most generous patrons. It would seem as though some of the religious publications might be induced to publish the truth on this subject, although unfortunately most of them have yielded to the golden temptations of the patent medicine people and are largely supported by their advertisements. Indeed the highest ambition of the patent medicine proprietor is to obtain the endorsement of some prominent clergyman with his signature underneath his photograph. That this is usually not difficult to obtain, a study of the illustrated advertisements in newspapers and circulars will testify. We heartily commend the efforts of the W. C. T. U. to bring before the public the dangers of patent medicines, and we hope that they may be able to accomplish more than the medical profession has ever been able to do along the same lines."

A Filipino Household.

The people of the Orient have always been a Sphinx-like mystery to the simpler and less subtle Occidental mind. This truism finds fresh illustration in American dealings with the Philippine islanders. They are Malays, and we are of Aryan blood; and between us a great gulf is fixed. The Filipino himself, after all that has been written and said by those who have had personal contact with him, is the unknown factor in our problem across the Pacific seas. Aguinaldo might well be called "The Silent." To be sure, his present silence is enforced. But when he and his people speak, how much do they succeed in telling us of their inner feelings, of their real aims?

Here at last is a book in which the Filipino speaks.* It is a collection of letters, written by a family, two members of which became known to the American public at the outbreak of hostilities through their appeal to the President on behalf of their people. The Lopez family were rich planters of the province of Batangas, Island of Luzon. They employed hundreds of laborers and owned steamers in which they marketed their crops. Save for the absence of slavery, their household was of the patriarchal order, of which there were many in the old South before the Civil war. The father was a self-made man, widely respected; there was a good and loving mother, and there were sons and daughters. Sixto Lopez, one of the younger sons, had been a comrade of the martyred Dr. Jose Rizal, the Filipino Samuel Adams. Escaping Rizal's fate, Sixto Lopez became a voice crying in the wilderness of American prosperity for the liberation of his fellow-countrymen. Another brother was an officer in Aguinaldo's ill-starred army. Others managed the home estates, until several of them were seized by the United States government as persons under suspicion, and sent by steamer to a port of detention.

It is around this family tragedy that the letters group themselves. Most of them were written from Manila by a younger sister, Juliana Lopez. Sixto and his sister Clemencia were in America; an older sister, Maria, was on the home estates; the brothers were in the custody of our government. This young girl, living with her mother at the capital, in contact with American military and civil officers, some

of whom were kind to her, while others were harsh, writes in simple, engaging fashion of events from day to day. Letters from others of the family are interwoven to fill out the tale. It is all as human and natural as possible. The editor, Mr. Canning Eyot, in a series of notes of some length, connects the letters with the events of which they tell, seen as a part of history. What we have is an illuminating picture of Filipino life, during the harrowing months of our attempt to bring the unwilling islanders under our "sovereignty."

As Americans, we may be thankful that the picture is no darker than it is. There are dark blots upon it, the blackest being the horrible torture and death of a superintendent on the Rapez plantation, because he was supposed to have concealed some guns from the American soldiers. But there are also spots of sunshine, like the free acceptance by American officers of the generous Lopez hospitality, and the frequent kindness shown the captives, not unmixed, indeed, with severity. On the Filipino side, the spirit of faction comes out too strongly to permit an unbounded faith in the ability of Aguinaldo's government to maintain itself, even if the United States had not interfered. A political opponent of the Lopez interest is described as a villain of the deepest dye. And in his handling of department officials at Washington the editor appears too much as a partisan and a special pleader to gain the best effect.

Still, the book is a notable one, at the present juncture, and should be widely read. It shows that despite the gulf, fixed by race, Filipino and American human nature are the same. A better understanding of motives on both sides is now what is chiefly needed to heal the breach made by the cruel and needless war. If American politicians will rise to the full height of our national principles, and give to the Filipinos the guarantee of ultimate liberty for which they have asked from the beginning; and if the Filipinos, satisfied of our national purpose to give them free schools, local justice, and economic opportunity, will co-operate heartily with what the government is trying to do, the problem will be far on the way to solution. The weakness of the anti-imperialist position, in demanding instant liberation, is that it does not consider the immense advantage to the Philippines of contact with American education, jurisprudence, and commercial and industrial enterprise. Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," despite the storm of criticism it provoked, put the facts truly. The West must lift the East out of its sleep of centuries. But it will take centuries to do so, and in the total result the contribution of the Orient may not be the lesser. But that America, with the history that is behind us, can educate a people like the Filipinos to anything but liberty like our own is not to be supposed for a moment by anyone who feels the force of our national traditions, keeping us in the end true to ourselves and to our mission for humanity. R. W. B.

*The Story of the Lopez Family, a Page from the History of the War in the Philippines. Edited, and with an Introduction by Canning Eyot. Pp. 217, with ten full-page portraits and illustrations. $1 net. James H. West Co., 220 Devonshire St., Boston.

The Mistake of "Holy Russia."

Far east from the great Pacific
Where day greets Russian eyes,
Far west to the rock-bound Baltic
Where day for Russia dies,

Far south from the sullen Black Sea
Where darkling billows roll,
Far north to the frozen White Sea
That fronts the Arctic pole,

In Russia's every city
Through all her wide domains,
In all her lonely hamlets
And all her hard-filled plains,

There was seen the stirring movement,
There was heard the sound of war,
For Russians to meet a foe
Were summoned by the Czar.

Russia is "Holy Russia"
And looks to God for aid,
Not as the godless heathen
Her ranks must be arrayed.

In every great cathedral
Gathered the eager crowd,
And bells were rung and censers swung
And rose the incense-cloud.

They blessed the silken banners
Which holy emblems bore,
The spear, the nail, the crown of thorns,
The five wounds streaming gore.

They sang the great *Te Deum*
In notes so sweet and clear,
The Lord could not but be well pleased
His praise so sung to hear.

The soldiers ate the holy bread
And by the priests were shriven,
And each one with his mind at rest
Looked at the cross upon his breast
And dreamed him blest of heaven.

O pity those, where'er they be,
Who think mere forms of prayer
Can aught avail to buttress wrong
When God holds right in care!

The empty pomp and pageantry
Was done to aid a lie
And to maintain a vulgar theft
They prayed to God on high.

God will not bless and cannot bless
Those who defy his law,
And vigils, fasts, and chants and prayers
Can patch no sinful flaw.

Obey all laws, both great and small,
Is the Almighty's will;
There is a partial righteousness
In vigilance and skill.

Quick eye, swift foot, strong arm, clear brain,
Tell of law kept in part,
But the only perfect righteousness
Is righteousness of heart.

The nation that neglecteth
The arm of flesh will fail,
For strong man over feeble man
Will everywhere prevail.

The nation that dependeth
On arm of flesh alone,
By God's eternal justice
Will be at last o'erthrown.

CHARLES W. PEARSON.

Quincy, Illinois, June 23, 1904.

I am heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life; for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with an imperishable worth.—*Goethe.*

THE PULPIT.

The Simple Life.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JANE LLOYD JONES ON THE CLOSING SUNDAY OF THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL, HILLSIDE, WIS., JUNE 12, 1904.

"I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like faith in God."

In the beginning of the New Year, we learned this morning resolve as voiced by Dr. John H. Vincent. You were urged to accept it as your code of action for each day, and I have thought it quite fitting at this time to bring it to you again.

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
* * * * *
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

So sings the poet; and so, it seems to me, must your hearts sing; bathed in this beautiful morning light of youth with your life in the spring, all is right with your world. That it may be so when your year is in the full and when the morning lights deepen into the evening shadows, I ask you to consider again with me our morning resolve.

You see it naturally divides itself, sermon-fashion, into first, second and third. I will this day strive to live a simple, sincere and serene life. A simple life: what is it? First, let us consider the word, "simple," in its original meaning, not in the corrupted sense that our loose use of words has given it.

The dictionary will tell you that it means pure, free from intricacy; free from affectation, artificiality and duplicity. Its synonyms are chaste, modest, natural, candid. Its antonyms are showy, pretentious, artificial and intriguing. Surely, simple is not a word to be despised, and a simple life resolves itself into a high aim, a progression.

The twentieth century is synonymous with material prosperity. Fortunes that beggar the wealth of a Crœsus have been amassed and are being amassed continually; advantages of all sorts are to be had for the asking; travel throws open the doors of all lands to us; colleges and universities have been multiplied with such rapidity that there is not a state in the union which does not boast of several. The output of books and periodicals is phenomenal, and many of these, excellent in matter and artistic in execution, are available through the public library to every one who has the desire to read. Even to those beyond the reach of the public library, the rural delivery brings to the door of the asker, through the various traveling libraries, books that may be read and returned for simply the cost of the postage. Telephones and Telegraphs make the distant near, and place at the disposal of the humblest the research and prognostication of the wisest. The pianola and its kindred make the music of the masters available to many who have not been favored with years of musical training necessary to interpret it at first hand. An order by postal card from the most rural district commands the services of the city merchant, and the order is filled with prompt fairness, sending out the fruits of the Indies and the fabrics of the orient. The progress of this wonderful century has robbed the sayings, "city advantages" and "country isolation," of their accepted meaning. City advantages have become country advantages and have annihilated country isolation.

Progress has been defined as moral growth. Has then all of this material progress brought with it a corresponding moral progress? Are we nearer to-day the simple life; the life freed from affectation, superficiality and duplicity; the pure beatific life—the embodiment of which walked up and down the Judean hills twenty centuries ago?

The spiritual pilots on this ship of progress seem to see along its course the flash-lights of danger; and to hear at times from the hapless ship, the fog-horns of distress. Let us consider some of these dangers.

Naturally, one of the most deadly breakers to a simple, *simplex* life is complexity. The direct course of life is in danger of becoming lost in the mazes of conventional artificialities.

There has been a great awakening the past few years to this danger that menaces the American life. An intense, liberty-loving people, bound by no class distinction, with abundant wealth at their command, they may become so jealous of their own rights that they will forget the rights of others, and liberty will become license and recklessness.

Those of sufficient spiritual insight to discern the trend of the times are crying "Halt." They see how all this material prosperity has multiplied material needs. The luxuries of a few years ago are the necessities of today, deprived of which life does not seem worth living. The social axiom, "The greater the possession, the greater the civilization," can justly be questioned, if we mean by civilization, moral growth. Burns truly says that it is the stamp upon the coin that determines its value. All this mad rush for the possession of wealth, social standing, and ambitious gains, may be a going back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and not a following of our illumined leader.

This following, however, does increase the needs of life and the truly ambitious man works hard to obtain the wherewithal to procure these needs. But are they the dominating, absorbing needs of the anxious, restless life of the present? Are not the latter rather the parasites that feed upon and consume the former, the real needs and joys?

"Take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or wherewithal shall we be clothed," says Jesus.

How is it to-day? Are these anxieties and perplexities confined to the poor and the needy? If so, the American people, at least, in this land of endeavor and plenty, will soon overcome these difficulties and sail into the deeper waters of increased independence where they can combine their forces to make the desired port.

One would naturally suppose that this increase in material wealth would give added opportunity to develop the higher nature. But do we find it so? The "wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is no longer the question of the poor alone, but it has become the more absorbing question of the rich. Materials must be gathered from all parts of the globe—an army of designers, tailors, modistes, milliners must be employed. The style, the material, the cut and so on, are all matters of the most grave consideration; and a season of social functions of all kinds that the fertile brain can devise, calls for an endless variety of these creations until the question absorbs the greater part of life's energies.

Then again, "what shall we eat?" The apostle of the simple life will answer, "That which is conducive to bodily growth and well-being." But with increased prosperity, we find the answer almost reversed. "Feed the body with what pampers and pleases the appetite." So here again mental energy is consumed in devising endless concoctions and delicate nothings, taking hours to perfect but seconds to consume, in order to gratify the palate. Ap-

petite thus pampered grows and soon becomes stronger than the will, the moral light of life goes out, the man or woman is vanquished and the person becomes a slave.

During the past winter there has been formed in New York City among the "favored of fortune," but not "the slaves of fashion," a band of courageous women who have determined to use their influence against the existing conditions. They have dared to serve a four-course dinner at their parties instead of fourteen, as fashion dictates. They believe that life has higher demands upon it than simply to clothe and feed the body, which "to-day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven." They, with many others of the cultured rich, are demanding, therefore, simplicity in dress. They contend that a woman of the twentieth century, with her intelligence and opportunities, has a moral right to insist upon a dress that conforms with the laws of health, which is the first step toward the artistic. A skirt sweeping the streets, they pronounce not only an offense to good taste, but a crime, as it is one of the most fruitful means of spreading disease; and could we but read the report of the great Census Taker we might find the wearer of the trailing skirt directly responsible for many a death.

There seems to be a general awakening to the fact that life has become too artificial, that we are losing sight of the substance in chasing the shadow. Even from the artificial, conventionality-loving Paris come eloquent pleas for "The Better Way" and "The Simple Life" from the pen of Charles Wagner, who has carried with him into that gay city where fate has placed him, the memory of the sweet simplicity of his shepherd days in the fertile fields of Burgundy, where "the complex and the unprofitable had not shut out the light of the ideal." And to you, my young friends, just launching out upon this complex sea, I recommend his "Simple Iife" as a valuable hand-book.

He introduces the book by a description of the paraphernalia of a modern wedding. Callers loaded with gifts and tradesmen bending under packages come and go in endless procession. The servants are at the end of their endurance, and as for the family and the betrothed, they no longer have a place of abode. Their mornings are spent with dressmakers, milliners, upholsterers, jewelers, decorators and caterers. After that, comes a rush through offices where one waits in line, gazing vaguely at clerks engulfed in papers. Fortunate, when this is over, if there be time to run home to dress for a series of ceremonial dinners—betrothal dinners, dinners of presentation, the settlement dinner, receptions, balls. After midnight home again, harassed and weary, to find the latest accumulation of letters of congratulations, felicitations, acceptances, regrets from bridesmaids and ushers, excuses from tardy tradesmen, etc., etc. I will not go on with the whirl, but the author tells us that such is life for a month with the Blanchards before the wedding day. Then he questions, "Is this living?" If the answer were made by the persons most immediately concerned, I fancy it could be given in the words of another surfeited by worldly pleasures—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." No wonder the poor tired lovers sought the serene retreat of the grandmother's room where simplicity reigned, and where they could breathe deeply a few breaths of real life. And no wonder that the grandmother's pitying benediction went out to them in the words, "Poor children! you are worn out! Rest a little and belong to each other. All these things count for nothing. Don't let them absorb you, it isn't worth while."

And was it worth while? If one ever needs the fortitude and clear vision that come through "holy silence," when the moment of the ideal is climbed, it must be at such a time. It is then that the most important step of life is taken, turning the balance of its future for either happiness or misery.

Other questions come to mind—could one lead a sincere life in all this? What would the fruitage be?

The month before the Paris wedding-day is quite suggestive of the continual round of much of the social life everywhere. The life of young people is in danger of becoming absorbed in the rush for pleasure, the craving for constant excitement and entertainment, the demand to have "something doing," as the phrase goes. "What shall the harvest be?"

The purpose of life is to grow. The physical growth is attained by the time you have completed your school days, but the moral growth, like the oak, is of slow development. You will be adding to your moral fiber through the active years of your life, but the shape and direction of the growth depends largely upon the bent you give it during the next few years, years that will determine whether you are going to master life's forces or be mastered by them. We count not for the goods we possess, nor for the pleasure we secure for ourselves, nor for our intellectual attainment, but for our moral worth. Do not waste your life. Make it bear fruit. Let the essentials command you. "What I ought," not "what I would like."

In order to do this, you must often choose the hard instead of the easy—the apparently disagreeable rather than the pleasing. This will call for a will which is yours to command. We often feel that we wish to do the kindly act; we feel we ought to do it; but the deed remains unperformed because we have not sufficient will force to make ourselves do it. What is to be done about it? If you had a weak muscle you would seek the training of the gymnasium to strengthen it. You would give it tasks to do, resistance to overcome, and would increase your demand upon it day by day; until finally you would have a muscle that could carry off the honors of the athletic field. The moral muscle needs just such training, and the reason we see so many pitiable wrecks of lives, that were full of early promise, is that they were forced to face the allurements and temptations of life with an untrained, flabby muscle.

The indulged boy or girl will, as a matter of course, develop into the self-indulged man or woman without having acquired the power of self-restraint, hence they will be unable to practice it.

This moral training may come to you through the little self-denials you impose upon yourselves. Trivial acts done from a sincere motive to add to the comfort and happiness of another, strengthen the desire and the willingness to do kindly deeds. Little self-denials in food, ease and comfort, strengthen us by making us less dependent upon these, less selfish, thus adding energy to the moral nature. To keep from spending money in selfish indulgences, to refrain from the sharp retort, the unkind taunt, to bear cheerfully little annoyances—all give us,

> "Room to deny ourselves, a road
> That brings us daily nearer God."

But if we always seek the easy thing and the pleasant thing, selfishness is our controlling genius and we are constantly choosing the lower for our rule of action until some day, Tito-like, we will be ready to betray the most sacred trust and desert a father, if thereby we may gain in selfish pleasure or self-aggrandizement. The easy-going, pleasure-lov-

ing people do not become heroes and seers, inspiring others to noble action.

However, it is fortunate that to the many, the circumstances of life are such that individual ease and comfort are not in danger of becoming the business of life. The *must* of necessity is over them, and the doing or not doing, is not a matter of choice. This may fill the mind with discontent and envy. Life may seem colorless and unkind when compared to the lives of others, whose business seems to be "having a good time." It is hard for young people to learn that the "pursuit of pleasure" is the most laborious of all pursuits. Pleasures thus found, soon become distasteful. There is true philosophy in the saying, "Duty first and pleasure afterward." There must be a certain consciousness of the pleasure being fairly earned in order that it give us what we seek. This kind of pleasure is a necessity for our well-being; it falls like sunshine upon the heart and the finding of such pleasure is not only the privilege, but the duty of every one. To the receptive mind these pleasures are everywhere obtainable.

Our life may not be, with our short vision, what we would choose it to be—but let us take it on trust and say, "It is mine, therefore it should be," and make the best of it; make it a sincere life, "repelling promptly every thought of discontent, impurity and self-seeking; diligent in appointed service, faithful to every trust." No matter whether the work required of us be lowly or great so long as we render sincere service, cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity and charity. Disquietude and discontent are often caused by the consciousness of insincerity; the uneasy stirrings of the better nature. Happiness is a quality of mind. Outer conditions cannot insure it, although we are prone to feel that happiness for civilized man presupposes a certain amount of worldly possessions. I grant this—but is it dependent on his havings or ownings? A man may have vast ownership yet possess nothing, or he may have great possessions yet own nothing. It is our possessions that make us happy, not our ownings, and the only title deed that is necessary to hold is a receptive and appreciative mind. "All things are ours," says Browning; yes, so far as we have the reverent eye to see, the ear to hear, and the mind to retain. What riches are thus open to us!

A little five-year-old lad with his sweet trust and his wonder-reading eye, admiring a blue-bird atilt on a bough, asked whose bird it was. On being told that the bird belonged to the one who loved it, he immediately declared that it was his, and added further, "I love all the birds at Hillside." When told that his love for them made them all his, his trusting little heart was radiant with the sense of his beautiful possession. And does he not possess the birds since they contribute so much to his joy? Would it not be well if we all were believers in little Joe's philosophy and like him rejoiced in our wordly possessions? So far as I can take in with loving reverence the works of the Creator, so far are they mine. How great were the possessions of the man of Galilee, who had not where to lay his head! The beautiful thing about the revenue of this possession is, like the widow's cruise of oil, the more that is taken the more there is to take.

This also holds true with the possessions in the world of art. The millionaire with his thousands may buy the lovely picture, but once I see it, if I have the appreciative, retentive mind, I come into the possession of it, and he can not rob me of my picture.

We may have a more priceless possession still. The great deeds of holy lives are ours to feed our thought, to raise our ideals, to stimulate our endeavors, to deepen our reverence and make lofty our aspirations.

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

Strive to cultivate the capacity for these possessions, then through their ministrations the sincere life will naturally ripen into the serene life—a calmness of soul that comes through having lived a simple, sincere life.

It matters not whether the road that leads to this attainment be along the table-land of grand achievements or the lowlands of humble service, so long as the goal is reached.

This common endeavor makes a oneness of life between the great and the lowly, the rich and the poor. The pilot of the great steamship, an ocean palace, must be guided by the same polar star as the pilot of the humble sailing craft, if the voyage be successfully accomplished. So on the sea of life, the spirit must be guided by the pole star of sincerity and truth to reach the port of serenity. A storehouse of pleasant memories and the commendation of your own conscience will make you serene. Of course, there is much to regret in every life, but if these regrets have been caused by the action of the eddies on the surface and not by the general current, you need not dread the evening shadows. Active life may grow impossible, but if the life has been one of true service, all is well. The promise of spring has given place to the fruition of autumn; the whole is encircled by eternal love.

Among the red-letter days of my life, that recur like springs on the highway to the wayfarer, refreshing the thirsty spirit, is a mid-summer day spent in the gem-room of that great palace of Fine Arts, the Louvre. In this room are found the masterpieces of the great masters. Among them stands out conspicuously in my mind, on account of its beautiful symbolism, Raphael's "Saint Margaret and the Dragon." You are all familiar with it, for its reproductions are many. You remember it represents a fair young maiden making the journey of life alone. She has no weapon but carries a palm branch in her hand. In a narrow mountain gorge she encounters the dragon. But with her face illumined by divine peace and her eyes fixed on the beatific light of a distant mountain, she treads with a firm step upon the bat-like wings of the monster. He, in his rage at being overcome, tears the earth with his horrible claws and lashes the mountains with his terrible tail, but the maiden serenely passes on.

May you, my dear young friends, like Saint Margaret, be able to tread under foot the dragon of selfishness; bear in your hands the palm branch of loving service; keep your eyes filled with the light that comes from the "Mount of Transfiguration" whence come the words of the Master of Life, "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end."

One sacrifice of the temporal for the eternal day is the grain of mustard-seed, which may give birth to a tree large enough to make a home for the sweetest singing birds. One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass.—*Margaret Fuller.*

Higher Living.

XLII

There is a wedding that's just as good as gold, and sure to result in a good, true home, and that is when the men and women understand what a good home means, are drawn together by the true Providence which still makes all true matches, in spite of the maneuverings of our prejudice and pride; when they come together in a fair equality, not, as the poet sings, as moonlight and the sunlight, but as perfect music, unto noble words. *Robert Collyer.*

God help me. I discover that I am as bad as any young fool who knows no better, and if the necessity for giving six lectures a week did not sternly interfere, I should be hanging about her ladyship's apron-strings all day.

Huxley to *Darwin.*

I hope your marriage will not make you idle; happiness, I fear, is not good for work. *Darwin* to *Huxley.*

Whatsoever shall be wanting of that which thy love deserves my kindest affection shall endeavor to supplie whilst I live and what I leave unsatisfied (as I never hope to be out of thy debt) I will sett over to Him who is able, and will recompense thee to the full.

John Winthrop to *Margaret Tyndall.*

My definition of Beauty is, that it is love, and therefore includes both truth and good. But those only who love as we do feel the significance and force of this.

Sophie Peabody to *Hawthorne.*

Dearest, do you know there are but ten days more in this blessed month of June? And do you remember what is to happen within those ten days? Poor little Sophie! Now you begin to tremble and shrink back, and fear that you have acted too rashly in the matter. Now you say to yourself, "Oh that I could prevail upon this wretched person to allow me a month or two longer to make up my mind; for, after all, he is but an acquaintance of yesterday, and unwise am I to give up father, mother, and sister for the sake of such a questionable stranger. Ah, it is too late! Nothing can part us now, for God himself hath ordained that we shall be one. *Hawthorne* to *Sophie Peabody.*

I sit in a dream, when left to myself. I cannot believe, or understand. Ah! but in all this difficult, embarrassing and painful situation, I look over the palms of Troy—I feel happy and exulting to belong to you, past every opposition, out of sight of every will of man—none can part us asunder, now, at least. *Elizabeth Barrett* to *Robert Browning.*

Give me your counsel at all times, beloved; I am wholly open to your desires, and teaching, and direction. Try what you can make of me,—if you can in any way justify our choice to the world. *Browning* to *Elizabeth Barrett.*

What royalty of anticipation suffuses the wedding day itself, and all that goes immediately before and after! The bright-eyed choices of fabrics and associates and place and celebrant, the eager and flushed devotion to every detail of apparel and accessories, the tremulous queryings as to what will please or fulfill convention, the severing of old intimacies and its substitution of idealized future ones, the tender grasp of hands which, sustaining until the very last, must soon be extended to those who are more or less changed, if only in dignity. All this makes impressive the vital weeks and days that afterwards are so often recalled, in sweetest joy, we trust, or if possibly in deep sorrow, then with recognition of discipline and instruction too valuable to be regretted entirely.

And then "The Day" itself! Let it be the loveliest June, or bleak winter, in the red and russet of Autumn, or with the snowy blooms of dynamic May. What matters it, when at last two hearts realize that all the love, the deep sentiment, the pleasure of their thoughts since the day when "Fate" decided their union, is now theirs, for certain? Surely, at this moment no misgiving as to all this, no possible question as to the outcome, has any right, does not dare, to intrude. Heaven smiles its sweet assurances, and earth sends friends who doubt not that now the "joy bells" are not ringing in vain. What God joins is forever and ever. And to it all do we breathe "Amen" so deep, that the great universe itself can only respond "Amen, so let it be!" Blessed hour of the growing world's fulfillment. Around it let every good in earth and heaven so conspire and energize that all its high promises shall surely be realized.

With all the unique significance of the wedding tidal-wave in mind, it would seem that due respect for its significance ought everywhere to prevail. In a sense this probably is the case. At least, there is everywhere found a notion that marriage should be celebrated in some such way as to make it emphatic, and so, memorable in the careers and memories of those most concerned. That this is the source of most of the customs, which differ as people themselves differ, is quite probable. For, even the most barbarous customs, survivals of which, in attenuated aspects, are found in the most civilized rituals, naturally serve this purpose, and often most thoroughly. The savage's capture of a coveted maiden and subsequent brutal subjugation of her self-hood, is certainly a most emphatic experience in both their lives. Even where children are simply bartered by parents, the array of materials of exchange is exceptional enough to be tremendously impressive. And so with all the rude, coarse frolics and feastings of races higher up. The married couple by these are made to feel that this not only the climax of earthly joy for them, but also the climax of earthly experience as shared in by family, friends and community.

Nor do Christian peoples lack in means of thus making the wedding impressive enough to be remembered. What with exceptional clothes and feasts, with presents and plannings, with service and ritual, with instruction and blessing, there is goodly prompting to an exaltation of self, both new and prospectively, such as undoubtedly points to long remembrance, and glad. That it often is otherwise, shows that somewhere in the preliminaries or proceedings themselves, there has been fault, rather than that the purpose of the ceremony is inadequate. A Christian marriage is an impressive ceremony; if not, then are the parties who celebrate it in some way or other out of place. Nor should it be permitted that anything whatever shall ever vitiate or detract from its solemn impressiveness. Extraneous affairs of every kind had better give way to the fullest comprehension of the meaning of what is being undertaken. If we but half apprehend the true significance of the purpose of marriage, it will not seem eccentric to affirm that it would better always be approached seriously, even on one's knees, rather than flippantly, in any sense.

As to whether the wedding day shall be one of simple home ingathering of close friends and relatives, or of a more public nature, is a question of more serious import than seems usually to be considered. Naturally, means, taste, custom, and especially personal ambitions have much to do with the choice. When all is well and the parties concerned are able to justify their chosen publicity by subsequent life it does not appear reasonable to offer criticism of any kind. But, taking people as they are, it always seems somewhat risky at this time to undertake flights of ambition, to say nothing of indulgence in vanity, that outdo everything whatever which may follow. The spectacle of a pretentious gaudy public wedding, in which the contracting parties present little assurance of being able to live up to any such pretentions, whatever, is not wholly edifying to people of experience, or who have the deeper interest in life. That the day should have all happiness possible; that it should be a distinctive milestone in the pathway of the two lives most concerned, is true beyond peradventure. But, also, let it be consistent with ordinary circumstances, let it promise what can reasonably be fulfilled, let it be a start rather than a finish, and above all, let the vital meaning, the lifelong importance, the sacredness of the day not be buried beneath a mass of ephemeral and bombastic nonsense. A simple, sacred, spiritual wedding in the presence of heart-feeling and true wishing home-folk seems so thoroughly appropriate that the wonder is any other can ever be thought

of. In after life it is the wedding itself that counts most seriously, and not the display and social attractions and vaulting ambitions which may have seemed so important at the time. In either event, whether quiet, simple, and at home, or ostentatious and public, let it be actually a "wedding," and not a mere "function," noted merely as are others in the social tide.

Nor should the ceremony itself be shortened or practicalized in obedience to any sort of so-called "modern conception of life." While marriage by contract is undoubtedly legal marriage, it does not follow that the parties thus united are at all as favorably impressed as they may be if the right ideality and seriousness are timely and properly inculcated. The ritual should be thoroughly ideal; its diction should be as pure and yet penetrative as a sunbeam; it should be extended enough for the existing mental and emotional confusion to subside, and to admit of the listeners grasping, moment by moment, all its high cultural importance; and the celebrant should be one of such good motive, kindly heart and practice and voice, that heaven itself will seem to descend like a dove and claim the hour and its children for its very own. If over the pale faces of our lost ones we can be made to think high things and good, none the less is it probable that in the midst of our highest felicity we can equally be made to think, to feel, to assimilate much that is equally high and good. Marriage is the one opportunity for certain moments of the highest culture, both given and received. There is no reason why Higher Living may not here begin with such potency that forever after the wedding anniversary shall prove to be a most gratifying recognition of higher and higher realization of all that is best of earth. SMITH BAKER.

Strain of College Athletics.

One sometimes wonders whether college athletics are not being overdone, especially at great intercollegiate contests like that of Saturday at Marshall field. Such events may have some practical uses that are not always apparent, and indirectly may foster a greater regard for physical culture among the rank and file of undergraduates, but there are such tremendous expenditures of time, money, and energy associated with these contests that the real benefits may not justify the outlay. If the object of college athletics is the physical well-being of college men, not the achievement of victory over the picked athletes of other institutions, one may seriously inquire if the present tendency in college sports is not a misdirection of energy as well as a loss of the amateur spirit.

The purpose of athletic training for intercollegiate competition is the perfection of a dozen men. Trainers and coaches are hired to develop every ounce of strength of which these few are capable. Their diet, exercise, mode of life, are all regulated with the one end in view—superiority at the crucial moments of a coming contest. They are literally timed to the day, so as not to go stale prematurely. It does not matter about their condition the next day after, but on the "great day" they must be fit.

Such methods not only do the general student body no good, but are liable to work permanent injury to the athletes who undergo the severe discipline. It is a well-known fact that many professional athletes are worn out by a few years of excessive training, and are physically inferior men during middle and later life. The tendency of collegiate athletics may be to exhaust the future energy of the athlete, to concentrate into three or four years of inordinate development the best vitality of a lifetime, to make an overdraft on the future which may mean physical bankruptcy in comparatively early life. Nor would it be impossible to cite instances which would go to support this position. The members of the Michigan University track team who have lately refused to participate in the World's Fair contests at St. Louis upon the plea that they were "too tired" after four years of almost continuous training, may indicate the condition of many college men when their athletic careers are ended. By way of healthful restraint, a little moderation in intercollegiate athletics would not be undesirable.—*Exchange.*

Correspondence.

"The New Thought."

"The New Thought" is to us a vague connotation."—UNITY.

The New Thought is synonymous with the "New Psychology," or all operations of the mind and soul "in the body or out of the body." It is surprising to me that you are ignorant of this new movement, represented in the East by such writers as E. W. Wilcox, Lilian Whiting, Minot J. Savage, and such ministers as Shaler Newton and Lyman Abbott, also Prof. James of Harvard; in England by such scientists as Wallace and Crooks and Editor Stead, in France by the astronomer Flammarion. Strictly speaking, all thought is eternal, that is, it has always existed and always will exist; but we have in modern times new minds and new hearts, more sensitive and more highly organized, "with eyes to see and ears to hear" (internally), diviner and higher truths than ever were known before. These are they who do the "more wonderful works." Have you never read or heard of clairvoyance? (seeing visions); of clairaudience? (hearing voices); or of telepathy? (thought transference); or of mind reading? Have you never read or heard of hypnotism, comprising all that is known or can be known about the operations of the mind and heart, or soul; or do you believe that we have hearts and souls? Have you any conception of the operations of the objective (intellectual) mind? Do you know anything about the subjective mind? (soul intuition, mind reading). These are all new thought teachings, scientifically demonstrated.

Do you know anything about spiritualism? I have been reading UNITY for three or four years and have never yet seen the word immortal or any intimations of immortality in its pages.

I hold that a man cannot live right or die right unless he implicitly and intuitively believes in and knows there is a future life.

There are demonstrations of the New Thought in Chicago, right under your noses, that you don't know anything about—to which you are blind, and deaf, and dumb. There are at least twenty-four societies or churches in your city where spiritualism, more or less refined and elevated, is taught. Spiritualism comprises all the New Thought. It is a combination of all that is good and true in all religions and in all languages; in the production of all science, art and genius. Mere intellectual endowments and attainments can have no conception of its divine and wonderful truths. Mere ethics, or morality, when confined to this world, is cold, heartless, soulless, loveless, lifeless, and gives only an icy radiance. It is possible for a man to live a pure and moral life and still be very selfish.

I have always been Unitarian in belief, and still believe the Unitarian doctrines are intellectually, morally and scientifically correct; still I go one step farther and say, unless there is another life what is the use of this?

Spiritualism is marshalling its mighty forces (invisible) to sweep the earth. In its ranks are found today the greatest scientists, scholars, poets, philosophers, writers, divines, heroes; the most daring and fearless spirits, the bravest of the brave. They are the expo-

nents of the highest and best thoughts known. Spiritualism, in the form of the "New Thought," is permeating the churches, the Sunday-schools, the day schools and the best literature. I am a reader of the New Thought and a believer in spirit communication, at least by telepathy. O. L. HARVEY.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Queen's Chair.

By the Queen's Quair is meant the Queen's Book; that is, a book about the Queen, "The Secret of Secrets," written by the Queen's faithful page, Baptist Des-Essors. The Queen is Mary, Queen of Scots. She is one of the eternally fascinating beings, a rival in this respect to Daniel Webster and Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Hewlett's story begins with the death of King Francis, her first husband, and ends with her marriage with Bothwell and the consequent collapse of her dignity and power—a period of some six or seven years. Mary is nineteen at the beginning of the novel, and her person and her character are vividly portrayed. Mr. Hewlett has brought to this congenial romance the full measure of his peculiar power. Here is a style of great sensuous fullness and beauty; here are passages and situations of remarkable power. The vicissitudes of Mary's life, her marriage with Darnley, her quick revulsion from him, her hatred of him after the murder of Rizzio, her connivance with his death, her fierce passion for Bothwell—all these things are set forth with unquestionable force and skill. The writer who has found our American fiction anæmic, could find no such fault here. The book reeks with passion, is sodden with sensuousness, not to say with sensuality. The reader must be well-informed concerning Mary's fortunes not to be put out by the allusiveness of Mr. Hewlett's manner. He writes as if his readers knew every detail of Mary's history. Andrew Lang's history of her fortunes or, at least, Green's fine account of her, would be a good preparation for an intelligent enjoyment of Mr. Hewlett's novel. We must confess that we do not find the Queen whom Green describes so powerfully in Mr. Hewlett's work. The merely erotic woman of his pages would not have given Elizabeth such a world of trouble and proved almost more than a match for her ability. Here is abundance of her fascination but much more of her foolish weakness than of her intellectual force and her indomitable will. J. W. C.

Uncle Sam In An Impossible Role.*

What little humor there has been in connection with our exploits in the Philippines has been of too grim a sort for full enjoyment. It is time we relaxed a little, and saw the situation more humanely. To help us do this is apparently the purpose of Mr. Sanborn in writing this dramatic dialogue. Young America, finding himself in possession of some remote islands, begins to cherish imperialistic ambitions to match. But these, although they are encouraged by his friends John Bull, Mr. Monopoly, Colonel Gorgon and Senator Jingo, do not well accord with his former character or with the counsels of his revered parent, Old America. The young man shows some petulance at the tangle into which he finds his new possessions leading him, a tangle that is only increased by his hasty marriage to Miss Empire, daughter of Mr. Monopoly. In the end, he wearies of the whole coil of difficulty, and is in a hopeful state of regret when the Shade of Old America appears and after him the shades of past empires followed by the founders of freedom. The poetry here rises to a height worthy of the increased seriousness of the theme, and becomes impressive and powerful, where it had before been witty and full of Yankee common sense.

The drama is a thinly veiled satire on well-known characters in public life. We do not know of a better time or place for its first performance than at the opening of the next Congress. Meanwhile it may be commended to the leading Presidential candidates for study. Like Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," which it somewhat remotely suggests, there is little doubt that this playful skit voices a feeling that is rising slowly to expression in America, the feeling that our leaders have hurried us along a path where we are not at home, and from the windings of which the great lessons of history bid us retreat before it is too late. In printing and binding, the book surpasses anything that the publishers have yet given us. R. W. B.

THE NARROW GATE. A temperance story in the well-known vein of the author of "In His Steps," "The Miracle at Markham," and numerous other sermonic stories. Among temperance stories, this takes high rank, both because of the pleasing narrative form in which it is cast, and because of the practical solutions of certain phases of the universal problem which it presents. The volume deserves a wide circulation for its own sake and for the sake of the cause which it is calculated to advance. G. R. P.

Notes.

From Houghton & Mifflin I get A Texas Matchmaker, by Andy Adams, whose Land of the Cowboy I recently noted in Unity. This Texas Matchmaker is a book that needs to be gone over carefully and sponged a little of coarseness. There are spots in the book that ought never to have been put to press—one or two decidedly vulgar. The book on the whole is to be highly commended. It goes into a new field where the author is admirably at home. It is a field that is closing up forever in American life.

Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn, by R. A. McCracken, is a book from M. A. Donohue & Co., of Chicago. It is a boy's story, in simple boy language—a true story, and every incident from life. The mother seems to have written a part of the book, and it has been revised by kindly friends. The illustrations are delightful, bringing out a very pretty story of sweet home life, so as to make the book really valuable.

From the Orange Judd Co. I am in receipt of two very important books. One of these is Insects and Insecticides, a practical manual concerning noxious insects and the methods of preventing their injury, by Clarence M. Weed, Professor of Entomology in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture. There is no need of reviewing this book any farther than to say that it is just what it professes to be—a complete book for the fruit grower, the farmer, the floriculturist, and the general housekeeper. It is a very thorough, very convenient book, and up to its date. The other volume is Plums and Plum Culture, a monograph on this important fruit, by Prof. F. A. Waugh. This is an admirable piece of work, covering the whole subject in the most thorough manner. Plum growing has recently become one of the great industries

The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy, by Maurice Hewlett. New York: Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co. (Ltd.). 1904.

*Young America in the Hands of His Friends, a Political Drama, by Arthur W. Sanborn. Pp. 82, 75 cents. James H. West Co., Boston, 220 Devonshire St.

The Narrow Gate; by Charles M. Sheldon. The Advance Pub. Co., Chicago; 1903. 12mo; cloth; pp. 240. $1.00.

of America, and this very book was what we needed.

The second volume of Prof. Budd's American Horticultural Manual has just been issued, by John Wiley & Sons, of New York. The first volume, devoted to a systematic discussion of orchard and garden fruits, was published last year. This volume discusses the leading principles connected with the propagation and culture of fruit trees, nut trees, and ornamental trees, in the United States and Canada. The mere fact that the work has been done by the Professor of Horticulture in Iowa State College of Agriculture, assisted by Prof. M. E. Hansen of South Dakota Agricultural College, is enough to establish the exceeding value of these volumes. Prof. Budd has become world famous for his zeal in collecting foreign fruits, especially those of a hardy sort, to widen out the American fruit belt. We were in need of a modernized Downing. I see no possible fault to be found with either volume, except that the descriptions of some varieties of fruit are not quite correct. That fault, however, was to be found with the immortal work of Downing. No possible research and experimental testing would enable a pomologist to avoid some such errors. All fruit growers should have these volumes. They are indispensable to the owner of an orchard or fruit garden.

From Scribners' I have received Mankind in the Making, by H. G. Wells. Some time ago, in UNITY, I reviewed Mr. Wells' remarkable and pretentious book entitled Anticipations. I believe there was not one page of that book that did not provoke me to sharp dissent. That does not, however, indicate that a book is not of importance to the public—though every reader dissent sharply. That is the charm of it, that while in the church we must swallow our dissent, in the book-world we speak it as freely as we please. This book on Mankind in the Making is a very different sort of book. I think there is not a page in it which does not provoke an intelligent reader to warm approval. His description of the kind of statesmen we are making nowadays, is capital. He describes Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on page twenty-eight, as an "amiable, spirited, self-conscious, land-owning gentleman, with a passion for justice in *remote* places, and a whimsical dislike of motor cars in *his own neighborhood.*" It is this kind of statesman that party slavery is dropping around this country, as well as England—men trained to have no opinions of their own, and to be just as much unlike Sir Robert Peel, John Bright, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln as possible. Take our whole Congress in a lump, and study the history of the last eight years; and see if you can find that one single idea in advance of party platform has been expressed. One or two of our governors, like Cummings of Iowa, have dared to have an idea; but the whole party machinery has been set to work to grind them into powder. On page 246, he says: "In certain directions—not by any means in all—unobtrusive merit, that has neither gift nor disposition for push, has a better chance in Great Britain than in America." This is probably a little too true to be promptly endorsed by most Americans. His descriptions of party and party work are delightful. There is a fine chapter on The Modern State; another on Schooling; and an unusually good discussion of the Cultivation of the Imagination. I propose to give this preliminary note of the book, and by and by discuss one or two of its points editorially.

E. P. P.

To the Poet of the Future.

Sweet singer of desired and distant years,
I know not when your glorious day will rise;
I may not hope your songs will greet my ears,
That crimson dawn, my eyes.

But I am sure that one glad note will ring
From vale to rocky hill, from sea to sea;
One joyous carol you will make and sing.
Oh, sing aloud for me!

For we, the weary watchers of a night,
Watching the stars move on, which lead at last
The dawn, chant, while we wait, lays rude and slight,
And wish the darkness past.

The burden of our dull, imperfect song
Repeats, "The day is coming, dawn will break;"
But when the morning shines for which we long,
Fit greetings you will make.

Our hymns of hope now low and wearily
Break from the shadows where our watch we keep;
Your voice will ring aloud to land and sea,
When we shall be asleep.

Your songs, more sweet, more full than ours, will hail
The dawn on earth of brotherhood and peace,
Unclouded light of love that cannot fail,
And joy that shall not cease.

—*Elizabeth F. Sturtevant.*

Co-Operation a Success.

The principle underlying the reorganization of the Cash Buyers' Union is one of the grandest that has ever been conceived, and the editor knows from personal research and observation that it has been tremendously successful wherever it has been put into practical operation, and that the people derive undreamed of benefits by associating themselves together as the Cash Buyers' Union First National Co-Operative Society contemplates their stockholders doing.

In England and other contries where co-operative associations have been formed the people have been living in comfort, and through their co-operation with each other have acquired means which will keep them in comfort all their lives.

The basis of the organization is this co-operative principle put into operation under a new plan, in that, instead of having local stores it sells to its shareholders at nearly cost all over the world by mail, enabling them to enjoy the privileges of a gigantic metropolitan department store without the inconvenience of taking a trip to select their goods. Besides this, they are buying from their own store, which pays them an annual dividend and permits them to participate in all of the large profits of the business, and in addition to this it gives its shareholders a commission on all the business they influence to their own store, and this enables them to reap an additional profit which, if they would devote a little time to it, would in itself be enough to keep them in comfort.

The plan has proved wonderfully successful, and based as it is upon an old and reliable business organization with the most capable management—men of wonderful executive ability and who are buyers of years of experience—and from our personal acquaintance with them we believe that they will build up the most gigantic organization that has ever been conceived.

We have letters from people all over the country—farmers, ministers and men and women from every walk in life, who have expressed their desire to associate themselves by becoming shareholders, and the most striking thing about the majority of them is the fact that they are all men and women who have studied co-operation for years and who believe in its principle and are willing to back up that belief with their own money.

While we do not suggest that you invest in this company, we are so impressed with its future that we want you all to write for the book which has been written by the president of the company, and which will be sent you free of charge, with other data concerning the organization, so that you may fully inform yourself. The book itself is well worth your reading whether you are interested in associating yourself as a shareholder or not, and contains many practical bits of information about merchandise and about co-operation and business history that will make it well worth your while to read it through. In writing the president, Mr. Julius Kahn, we feel sure that he will give you his personal attention and see that you are given full and detailed information covering every point about which you may wish to know.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

GLIMPSES OF BELGIAN THOUGHT AND CHARACTER.—Several interesting articles on Belgium lie before me, but before gleaning rrom recent journals let me partially redeem a promise by giving in condensed form some idea of the French address on the Difficulties of religious liberalism in Belgium, delivered by J. Hocart of Brussels at the Amsterdam congress of religious liberals last September.

Out of six million inhabitants Belgium has at most but thirty thousand protestants, including in the large cities a considerable proportion of foreigners. The difficulties in the way of advance, formidable as they are for protestantism in general, are still greater for liberal Christianity by reason of its very liberalism.

The first great difficulty is the religious and social despotism exercised by Catholicism; particularly during the nineteen years since 1884 in which the Catholics have been uninterruptedly in power with an overwhelming majority in both Chambers.

By this despotism is meant the intolerance which consists in using the pressure of material interests to compel at least an external profession of the Catholic religion. This pressure is exerted in commerce and industry, in all the dependent professions, in assistance and charity, and in administrative and governmental appointments.

In business the Catholics, generally at the instigation of the priests, boycott all shops and factories belonging to unbelievers. In illustration of this point Mr. Hocart cites his own experience at Heyst where he once rented for the summer a small house belonging to a baker. The 15th of August on coming home to dinner he was surprised to find the whole front of the house festooned with verdure in honor of the great procession of the Assumption. The owner of the dwelling hastened to apologize to his tenants saying: I know these are not your views, but I can not do otherwise for if the priest in passing should see my house undecorated he would denounce my impiety and I should lose my customers. Even in large cities like Brussels leading merchants had expressed regret that they could not publicly show their sympathy with the liberal cause for fear of losing the majority of their patrons.

The great mass of working people and employes are at the mercy of their Catholic employers or superiors and succeed in emancipating themselves to a degree only where they are strongly organized. Catholicism in Belgium being both a church and a political party, when it is in power the government hastens to put itself at the service of the church, both by laws, such as that regarding religious instruction in primary and secondary schools, and by the appointment of Catholics to all the innumerable positions in the gift of the state.

The Catholic government has accorded to the liberal protestant community the same legal recognition as to orthodox protestants, but by its system of confessional appointments has considerably interfered with its development. Prior to 1884 considerable sympathy had been met with in the liberal professions. Since that date, Catholic preponderance has forced many who are at heart sympathizers with the liberal church to be very reserved in the expression of such sympathy. While this may betray a certain lack of courage, Mr. Hocart admitted that he had in some cases felt compelled himself to counsel prudence and delay where the very means of support for wife and family were at stake. Freedom of worship and liberty to express one's opinions may, alas, be in the constitution of a country, while cruel intolerance makes them almost a mockery in fact.

Another great difficulty is the low intellectual level due to Belgian catholicism. Liberal Christianity from a practical point of view is very simple, very popular; but on its theoretical side it makes constant and serious appeals to intelligence. Theological instruction in the university at Louvain and in the seminaries follows the old scholastic routine; preaching is poor, even in the large cities, and is little regarded by the people, with whom ceremonial and superstition take its place. What do they know of doctrines, biblical discussion or philosophy?

The third great difficulty is the hostility to all religion that the reaction from Catholicism has inspired in the great majority of those who have had the courage to break with that. Some will have nothing to do with religion, imagining that it is necessarily arrogant, dogmatic and intolerant. They include liberal Christianity in this general condemnation and cannot understand that our adhesion to the real spirit of Christian tradition is as rational and as voluntary as theirs to a system of philosophy. Still others loudly proclaim that the only sure way to have done with Catholicism and prevent new recrudescence is to push on to its antipodes—materialism and atheism; as if the ideas of duty and right, of justice and progress, to which most of them remain sincerely attached, were not essentially religious, being based on belief in law guiding the conscience and in some destination or supreme goal for humanity.

Nothwithstanding these difficulties, said Mr. Hocart, I do not speak of discouragement. Twenty-two years ago we planted the standard of liberal protestanism in Brussels. A few devoted individuals mostly of Catholic birth, have gathered around that standard and you may be certain we will not let it come down while we have life and strength to defend it. We are not hopeless, for in its essence the Belgian soul is religious, however transient causes may stifle or pervert natural instincts. Like the organist in the well-known English poem, ever searching for the "lost chord," the Belgian soul has heard the divine harmony of perfect truth, goodness and beauty and is still haunted by the echo. Some day she will seek and will know no peace until she has found it again in the celestial harmony of a faith embracing science, purity, justice, fraternity and, crowning all, adoration.

A woman correspondent of *Le Signal de Genève* writes interestingly of the characteristics of Belgian women. There is a certain proverbial dullness or heaviness about the Belgians which the Belgian woman, and especially the working woman, does not escape. She does not like to read, still less to write, and on first acquaintance it seems as if she had little desire for self-development. But for that matter, what else could one expect among a people living for centuries in particularly deplorable material conditions and under the iron hand of a clericalism which from principles crushes the will and the intelligence?

But if you succeed in penetrating these closed souls, these sleeping spirits, then all changes and you find yourself in the presence of the most vigorous and captivating personalities.

Under the apparent immobility is concealed a determined, persistent will capable of overcoming the greatest obstacles and achieving the largest projects. Great candor, freshness of soul, unfortunately often accompanied by a certain coarseness of nature, are united with a spirit of renunciation, of sacrifice for a new purpose or belief. To give one's self wholly: soul, will, intelligence, for a religion, an idea, a love, —that absolute something which impels to heroic deeds and unifies existence, the Belgians still possess. They are capable of working long, resolutely, patiently, with ardent yet restrained enthusiasm, for an end which they themselves will never attain, and which for their grandchildren alone shall realize the dream of their sires.

The life of Belgian women is rich and beautiful, because above all made up of labor and effort. One is indeed compelled to admit this when, after having seen the lamentable situation, one participates in the marvelous blossoming of energy and courage bursting forth among all ranks on the social ladder. These women, who, in all classes, contend with difficulties we do not know—at bottom with want, at the top with the gloomy, tenacious tyranny of clerical traditions, more potent perhaps in Belgium than anywhere else—these women we see founding three indepndent and sister societies and a review, the only feminist review in the French language.

We see them establishing and supporting several papers, addressing electoral assemblies, compelling the attention and respect even of the most indifferent and the most hostile. Among the socialists, especially, life overflows, and gushes out in a thousand ways, articles, meetings, lectures.

Each year the socialist women hold a congress. At one of these gatherings a simple spinner from Gand replied to an orator who spoke against the right of women to vote. She did this with a forcefulness at once so calm and full of feeling, and an eloquence so convincing that it led to a vote disapproving the attitude of various party leaders and boldly affirming in opposition to them the undaunted purpose of the Belgian women to obtain the free exercise of their social rights and duties.

As to the women of the wealthy classes, they have given

feminist dinners in which legislators, scholars, and ministers did not disdain to take part, where the toasts became ringing discourses full of enthusiasm and faith, pronounced indifferently by either sex.

But space forbids me to give in full this interesting letter with its notes on women authors, painters, musicians, etc. and its description of the actress Georgette Le Blanc, wife of the poet Maeterlinck, as the personification of the typical Belgian woman. One thought, however, is too suggestive not to be given in closing. Belgian women, says this Swiss sister, have found their strength in contact with the popular element, renewing and fortifying. Not the contact of protectors to proteges, of charitable ladies to poor dependents, which is not real and engenders, more often than not, only hypocrisy, but that genuine fraternity of heart and sentiments which leads us to go and seek from others what they can give to us, and not to wish always to give without receiving. M. E. H.

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